

When We Are All Creatives

The arrival of AI will at least remove what cannot be our reason for existence on this earth... One very valid reason for existing is that we are here to create... We invent things. We celebrate creation. We're very creative about the scientific process, about curing diseases, about writing books, writing movies, creative about telling stories, doing a brilliant job in marketing. This is our creativity that we should celebrate, and that's perhaps what makes us human. — Kai-Fu Lee

In November 2006, at the age of forty-two, Martha “Marty” Cobb found herself on the top bunk in a basement dormitory, staring at a ceiling so low she couldn’t sit up in bed. Newly divorced and bankrupt, Marty had few options. Her friends in Lubbock, Texas, where she was raising her three kids, had recommended working for Southwest Airlines. It would mean grueling hours and living away from home. But the lack of good local jobs had made the difficult decision clear. The “David Koresh compound” is what Marty calls the three-story house in Baltimore where Southwest packs in its flight attendants like sardines. Each floor has bunkbeds and a refrigerator. The most junior attendants get the worst spots. Twenty-six women shared the home, which was owned by a male pilot (hence “Koresh”). That Thanksgiving, as Marty ate cold turkey out of a Styrofoam container, she thought, “What have I *done*?”